A Common VVhore

VVith all these Graces Grac'd:

Shee's very honest, beautifull and chaste.

C. 30. b. 26.

Written by Iohn Taylor.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To no matter who.

Lord, Maister, Goodman, Gaffer, *or* Knaue, Lady, Mistresse, Goodwife, Gammer, *or whore,* } Readers.

I Would not haue you to take me for a Bawde or a Pander, for that I send a Whore *amongst you; for though it be my pleasure to call her so, yet you in the perusing of her, & conuersing with her, shall finde her honester then some of your Wiues or Mothers: indeede she hath no great Kindred to boast of, for my poore braine like* Ioue *was the father and mother that begat and bare her like a new Pallas: & my pen the Midwife that first wrap'd her in ragged verses in stead of cloutes, where the Printer hath vs'd her as he would be loth to bee vs'd himselfe, for he hath publish'd and proclaim'd all her faults to the view of the world, and yet I know the poore* Whores *paine is not past, for now she is to be examin'd a thousand wayes, & tortured vpon*

The Rack of cenſure, and amongſt all that ſhal view and handle her, the hot whoremaiſter will deale moſt diſcourteouſly with her, for when he perceiues her honeſty too hard for his Knauery, he will in anger, with three tuſhes, *foure* piſhes, *fiue* mewes, *ſix wry mouthes, and ſeauen ſcuruy faces, teare her and pull her worſe then the Ruſtic all Rabblement did vſe to vſe common whores on former* Shroue-Tueſdayes. *But all's one, let him doe his worſt, ſhe is confidently arm'd with Innocencie: and the threates or danger of the bad, cannot affright her, but that ſhe will attempt to recreate the good. In a word, all that is am iſſe in her, I pray you impute to my bad Tutorſhip, and her owne frailety; all that I hope of her is, that ſhe is a merry* Whore, *full of good words: A kinde* Whore *to bee had for money or loue any where; a true* Whore *and a conſtant, for ſhee will neuer forſake any man that will keepe her: and (by reaſon ſhee is an honeſt* Whore) *ſhe is a poore* Whore, *and hath neither money nor Sprats: ſo take my* Whore *amongſt you as ſhe is.*

Now after this, I'le be exceeding briefe
To ſend another Pamphlet call'd a *Thiefe*;
The Hue and Cry is out, and I proteſt,
Though he ſcape hanging, yet he ſhall be preſt.

IOHN TAYLOR

A VVHORE.

MY Booke, an honeſt *Whore*, I fitly call,
Becauſe it treats of *Whores* in generall: (*Whore*
Then though this Pamphlet I doe name a
Let no man ſhun her company therefore,
For if ten thouſand with her lodge and lye,
No reputation they ſhall loſe thereby.
No coſt * for dyet ſhe at all requires, A cheape Whore.
No charge for change of changeable Attires,
No Coaches, or Carroaches ſhe doth craue,
No baſe attendance of a Pand'ring Knaue,
Perfumes and Paintings, ſhe abhorres and hates,
Nor doth ſhe borrow haire from other pates.
And this much more Ile boldly ſay for her,
Who ſo redeemes her from the Stationer
(With whom ſhe as a Slaue is kept in hold,
And at his pleaſure daily bought and ſold)
I ſay, that man that doth her ranſome pay,
She will requite his kindneſſe euery way.
Her Inſide with ſuch Treaſurie is ſtor'd,
As may become the Pocket of a Lord.

All, from the Cottage, to the Caſtle high,
From Palatines vnto the Peaſantry,
(If thei'le permit their wiſedomes Rule their will)
May keepe this *Whore* and yet be honeſt ſtill.
Yet is ſhe * *Common*, vnto all that craue her,
For ſixe pence honeſt man or Knaue may haue her,
To be both turn'd and toſt, ſhe free affords,
And (like a prating *Whore*) ſhe's full of words,
But all her talke is to no other end,
Then to teach *Whoremaiſters* and *Whores* to mend.
She in plaine termes vnto the world doth teſl,
Whores are the Hackneyes which men ride to hell,
And by Compariſons ſhe truly makes
A *Whore* worſe then a common Shore, or Iakes.
A Succubus, a damned ſinke of ſinne,
A Mire, where worſe then Swine doe wallow in,
And with a *Whore* (although thus plaine ſhe be)
She ſhewes a *Whoremonger* as bad as ſhe.
And though I barren am of Eloquence,
Nor neuer vnderſtood my *Accidence* :
Yet though I haue no learning to my ſhare,
A *Whore* to broken Lattin I'le compare;
Firſt if her minde on *Whoring* ſhe doth fix,
She's all compact of mirth, all *Meretrix*,
And with ſmall teaching ſhe will ſoone decline
Mulier into the Gender Maſculine
By her Attire, of which ſex ſhe ſhould be,
She ſeemes the *doubtfull Gender* vnto me,
To either ſide her habit ſeemes to leane,
And may be taken for the *Epicene*.

* ſtrange Whore, Common nd yet oneſt.

A Whore.

Vnto the *Newter* I compare her can,
For she's for thee, or me, or any man.
In her Declensions she so farre will goe,
As to the *common of two, three*, or moe.
And come to *horum harum Whorum*, then
She proues a great proficient amongst men.
Then after she hath learn'd these Lessons right,
She forward goes vnto *hoc leue* light,
She paints out *pulcher*, ayded by her glasse,
She's neither *bonus*, or yet *bonitas*.
Homo for all men, is a common name,
And she for all men is a common shame.
Not *lapis* singularly, her can please,
She loues the plurall number *lapides*.
To Conster plainely she is seldome curious,
The two hard words of *durus*, and of *durius*,
Though she's not past the Whip, she's past the Rods,
And knowes to ioyne her *qui's*, her *quæ's*, and *quods*,
The *Actiue* from the *Passiue* she'le deriue,
Her *Mood* commaunds like the *Imparatiue*;
She knowes no *Concords*, yet to all men thus,
She faine would be *Iucundus omnibus*;
Clam is the Cloake, that couers her offence,
Her goodnes all is in the *Future tense*,
She's *facile fieri*, (quickly wonne)
Or Const'ring truly, *Easie to be done*.
Parum ducitur probitas, sets forth
Her honesty is reckon'd little worth.
And he shall finde, that takes her for his choyce,
An *Interiection*, or *Imperfect voyce*,

Among the rules of Gender, she by heart,
Can without missing daily say her part.
The first among them all she liketh best,
Propria quæ Maribus, and there she'le rest.
Thus may a *Whore* be made (by this construction)
Vnto the Grammar Rules an Introduction,
But yet if Learning might be gotten so,
Few to the Vniversities would goe.
And all degrees, tagge ragge, and old and young,
Would be well grounded in the Latine tongue:
Whil'st many learn'd men would be forc'd to seeke
Their liuings from the Hebrew and the Greeke.
For mine owne part I dare to sweare and vow
I ne're vs'd *Accidence* so much as now,
Nor all these Latine words here enterlac'd,
I doe not know if they with sense are plac'd,
I in the Booke did finde them, and conclude,
At randon to a *Whore* I them allude.
But leauing *Latine*, eu'ry Trading *Wench*
Hath much more vnderstanding of the *French*.
If she hath learn'd great P, O Perse O,
She'le quickly know *De morbo Gallico*.
If in these Rudiments she well doth enter,
With any man she neuer feares to venter:
She's Impudently arm'd, and shameless to,
And neuer dreads what man to her can do,
Her neather part to stake she'le often lay
To keepe her vpper part in fashion, gay,
She blushes not to haue her Trade well knowne,
Which is, she liues by vsing of her owne.

Her

A Whore.

Her ſhop, her ware, her fame, her ſhame, her game,
'Tis all her owne, which none from her can claime.
And if ſhe be halfe mad, and Curſe and ſweare,
And fight, and bite, and ſcratch, and domineere:
Yet ſtill ſhe proues her patience to be ſuch,
Midſt all theſe paſſions ſhe will beare too much.
She is not Couetous for any thing,
For what ſhe hath, men doe vnto her bring,
(Her Temp'rance is a vertue of much honour)
And all her Commings in, are put vpon her.
She's generall, ſhe's free, ſhe's liberall
Of hand and purſe, ſhe's open vnto all,
Shee is no miſerable hidebound wretch,
To pleaſe her friend at any time ſhee'le ſtretch,
At once ſhe can ſpeake *true*, and *lye*, or either,
And is at home, abroad, and altogether.
She's nimbler then a Tumbler, as I thinke
Layes downe, and takes vp, whilſt a man can winke.
And though ſhe ſeeme vnmeaſur'd in her pleaſure,
Tis otherwayes, a *Yard's* her onely meaſure.
But as moſt *Whores* are vicious in their fames,
So many of them haue moſt Vertuous names,
Though bad they be, they will not bate an Ace
To be cald *Prudence*, *Temp'rance*, *Faith*, or *Grace*,
Or *Mercy*, *Charity*, or many more,
Good names (too good to giue to any *Whore*)
Much from the Popes of *Rome* they doe not ſwerue,
For they haue Names which they doe ill deſerue,
Onely betwixt them heere's the difference on't,
A *Whore* receiues her Name firſt at the *Font*.

The

The Roman Biſhop takes a larger ſcope,
For he doth Change his name, when hee's a Pope.
As, if he were a Perſecuting *Saul*,
If he pleaſe hee'l be call'd a Preaching *Paul*.
Is his name *Swineſnowt*, he can change the Caſe,
And ſwap away that Name for *Boneface*.
If he be moſt vngodly, and enuious,
Yet if he pleaſe, he will be called *Pius*.
Be he by Nature to all miſchiefe bent,
He may and will be called *Innocent*,
And be he neuer ſo doggedly inclinde,
Hee'le be nam'd *Vrbane*, if it be his minde.
If he be much more fearefull then a Sheepe,
The Name of *Leo* he may haue and keepe.
And though he be vnmercifull yet ſtill,
He may be called *Clement* if he will.
Thus *Popes* may haue good names, though bad they (bee,
And ſo may *Whores* though different in degree.
The Annagram of WHORE's her mortall foe,
Deuided into two wordes, 'tis HER Wo.
And ſeriouſly (to lay all Ieſting by)
A *Whore* is *Her* owne *Wo*, and miſery.
For though ſhe haue all pleaſures at the full,
Much more then *Thaies*, that proud *Corinthian* Trull
Who ſuffered none but Kings and Potentates
To haue their pleaſures, at Exceſſiue rates,
Yet all that Deare bought Lechery would be
The greater brand of laſting Infamy,
And though her Carrion Corps, rich clad, high fed,
(Halfe rotten liuing, and all rotten Dead)

Who

Who with her helliſh Courage, ſtout and hot,
Abid the brunt of many a prickſhaft ſhot,
Yet being dead, and doth Conſumed lye,
Her euerlaſting ſhame ſhall neuer dye.
Ixion (in his armes) he did ſuppoſe
That he the Goddeſſe *Iuno* did incloſe:
But in the end his franticke error ſhow'd,
That all which he Embrac'd was but a Cloud.
So whoſoeuer doe their *Luſt* embrace,
In ſtead of *Loue* are clouded with diſgrace.
The Godleſſe Goddeſſe *Venus*, honour'd farre,
For Conqu'ring of the Conqu'ring God of Warre,
To hide their ſhame they no defence could get,
When limping *Vulcan* tooke them in a net,
And being paſt ſhame, with that foule offence,
Shee arm'd herſelfe with ſhameleſſe Impudence.
And with vngodly articles would proue,
That foule Concupiſcence and Luſt is Loue.
For which each bawdy Knaue, and filthy *Whore*,
Her deuilliſh Diety doe ſtill adore.
I haue read Hiſtories that doth Repeat
Whores were of olde in eſtimation Great,
Pandemus King of *Corinth*, he Erected
(That he from *Perſes* power might be protected)
A Temple vnto *Venus*, as ſome ſay,
Where *Whores* might for his ſafety ſafely pray.
And ſome in *Epheſus*, did Temples reare,
In whom the *Paphean* Queene adored were,
Where they that were the wickedſt *Whores* of all,
Were the chiefe Prieſts in robes Pontificall.

Heere I haue for ſome 60. lines followed the report of *Cornelius Agrippa*, in his *Vanity of ſciences*.

And

And in the Ile of *Paphos*, 'twas the vſe
Maydes got their Dowries, by their Corps abuſe,
But if that order were allowed heere,
So many would not Portions want I feare.
The Art of Bawd'ry was in ſuch reſpect
Amongſt th' *Egiptians* that they did erect
An Altar to *Priapus*, and their guiſe
Was, that their Prieſts on it did Sacrifice.
Wiſe *Ariſtotle*. was in wit ſo poore,
He Sacrific'd to *Hermia*, his *whore*.
Great *Iuilus Cæſar*, was ſo free and Common,
And cald a Husband vnto euery woman.
* *Sarmatian* Maydes. *Procullus* Emperour, (the Story ſayes)
Deflowr'd one hundred Maydes* in Fifteene dayes.
If all be true that Poets vſe to write,
Hercules lay with Fifty in one night.
When *Heliogabilus*, Romes Scepter ſway'd,
And all the world his lawleſſe Lawes obay'd:
He in his Court did cauſe a Stewes be made,
Whereas *Cum priuilegio, Whores* did trade.
30. pound waight a peece. H'inuited Two and twenty of his friends,
And kindely to each one a *Whore* he lends.
To ſet *Whores* free, that then in bondage lay,
A mighty Maſſe of money he did pay,
He (in one day) gaue to each *Whore* in *Rome*
A *Duckat*, (a large and ill beſtowed ſumme.)
He made Orations vnto *Whores*, and ſaid
They were his Soldiers, his Defence and ayde,
And in his ſpeech he ſhew'd his wits acute,
Of ſundry formes of Bawd'ry to diſpute.

And after giuing vnto euery *Whore*,
For liſt'ning to his tale three Duckats more,
With Pardon vnto all and Liberty
That would be *Whores* within his Monarchy.
And yearely penſions, he freely gaue,
To keepe a Regiment of *Whores*, moſt braue.
And oft he had (when hee in Progreſſe went)
Of *Whores*, Bawdes, Panders, ſuch a Rabblement
Sixe hundred Waggons, Hiſtory reports,
Attended onely on theſe braue Conſorts.
This was a Royall *Whoremaſter* indeed,
A ſpeciall * Benefactor at *their* need,
But now ſince *Heliogabilus* deceaſt,
I thinke the world with *Whores* is ſo increaſt,
That if it had an Emperour as mad,
He might haue twice ſo many as he had.
For by experience we ſee euery day
That bad thinges doe increaſe, good thinges decay.
And vertue (with much care) from vertue breedes,
Vice freely ſprings from vice like ſtincking weedes.
Sardanapalus King of *Babilon*,
Was to his *whores* ſuch a Companion,
That he in their Attire did Sowe and ſing,
(An exerciſe vnfitting for a King)
This feruent Luſt, (which ſome call ardent Loue)
Did cauſe the Baſtard * of the mighty *Ioue*
To pleaſe his *Iole*, he tooke a Wheele
And (laying by his Club) did ſpin and Reele.
Great *Ioue* himſelfe, could not this ſnare eſcape,
Luſt led him on to many a ſhameleſſe Rape.

* Or rather malefactor

* Hercules

Poore

Poore *Hebe*, *Hele*,* *Darna*, and *Europa*,
Alcmena, *Io*, *Semele*, and *Leada*,
Antiop, *Asterie*, *Ganimede*,
These and a number more his fancy fed.
To compasse which his shifts were manifold,
T'a *Bull*, a Ram, a Swan, a showre of Golde,
To dreadfull Thunder, and consuming Fire,
And all to quench his inward flames desire.
Appollo, turn'd faire *Daphne* into* *Bay*,
Because she from his Lust did flye away,
He lou'd his *Hiacinct*, and his *Coronis*,
As feruently as *Venus* and *Adonis*,
So much he from his Godhead did decline,
That for a Wench he kept *Admetus* Kine.
And many other *Gods* haue gone astray,
If all be true which *Ouids* Booke doth say.
Thus to fulfill their Lusts, and win their Truls,
We see that these vngodly Gods were Gulls.
The mighty Captaine* of the *Mermidons*
Being Captiu'd to these base passions,
Met an vntimely vnexpected slaughter
For faire *Polixena*, King *Priams* Daughter.
Lucretia's Rape, was *Tarquins* ouerthrowe,
(Shame often payes the debt that sinne doth owe)
What *Philomela* lost, and *Tereus* wonne
It causde the lustfull Father* eate his Sonne.
In this vice *Nero* tooke such beastly ioy,
He married was to *Sporus*, a young Boy.
And *Periander* was with Lust so led,
He with *Melissa* lay when she was Dead.

* *Iupiter* transformd himselfe to all these shapes to attaine his desire.

* The Bay tree or Lawrell.

* *Achilles*, who was slaine (bestotted to his Death) for the loue of *Polixena*

* *Tereus* K. of *Thrace*, eate of his own Son *Itis* made into py-meat by his wife *Progne*.

* A Tyrant Prince in *Corinth*.

Pigmalion,

Pigmalion, * with an Image made of Stone,
Did Loue and lodge: (I'le rather lye alone.)
Aristophanes, joyn'd in Loue would be
To a shee Asse: but what an Asse was he?
A Roman * *Appius* did in Iayle abide,
For Loue of faire *Virginia*, where he dyde.
Our second *Henry* * Aged, Childish, fond,
On the faire feature of faire *Rosamond*:
That it rais'd most vnnaturall hatefull strife
Betwixt himselfe, his Children, and his wife.
The end of which was, that the jealous Queene
Did poyson * *Rosamond* in furious spleene.
The fourth King *Edward* lower did discend,
He to a Goldsmiths wife * his loue did bend.
This sugred sinne hath bin so generall,
That it hath made the strongest Champions fall.
For *Sichem* rauisht * *Dina*, for which deed,
A number of the *Sichemites* did bleed,
And *Sampson*, in the prime of manly strength.
By *Dallila*, was ouercome at length.
King *Dauid* frayly fell, and felt the paine,
And with much sorrow, was restor'd againe,
Though *Saul* his foe he no way would offend,
Yet this sinne made him kill his loyall friend.
Ammon with * *Thamar*, Incest did commit,
And *Absolon* depriu'd his Life for it.
And *Salomon* allow'd most Royall meanes
To keepe 3. hundred Queenes, 7. hundred Queanes,
By whose meanes to Idolaty he fell
Almost as lowe as to the Gates of Hell.

* *Plutarch.*

* *Appius* murthered himself, because *Virginias* father had slaine her, to free her frō his Lust.

* K *Henry* the 2. King of *England*.

* At *Woodstocke*.

* Mrs. *Shore*.

* She was *Iacobs* daughter, whose Rape was accursedly reuenged by his bretheren, *Simeon* & *Leui*. *Genesis*.

* 2 *Sam.* 13.

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At last repeating, he makes declaration,
That all was vanity, and spirits vexation.
Aboundance of Examples men may finde,
Of Kings and Princes to this vice inclin'd,
Which is no way for meaner men to goe,
Because their betters oft haue wandred so,
For they were plagu'd of God, and so shall wee
Much more, if of their sinne we partners bee.
To shew what Women haue beene plagued in
The bottomlesse Abisse of this sweet sinne:
There are examples of them infinite,
Which I neu'r meane to reade, much lesse to write.
To please the Reader though I'le set downe some,
As they vnto my memory doe come.
Flora a *Whore* in *Rome*, great wealth did win,
By her deare trading and her Commings in,
Which wealth she freely gaue when she did dye
Vnto the *Roman* people generally,
For which they all (to shew their thankes vnto her)
Made her a Goddesse, and did Reuerence doe her.
And *Laies* of *Corinth*, ask'd *Demosthenes*
One hundred Crownes for one nights businesse,
For which a crew of *Whores* did set vpon her,
A *Whore* she was, and *Whores* to death did stone her.
There was a famous Whore * *Rhodope* nam'd
Who for her gaine, at such high price she gam'd
That she (most liberall) did the Charges beare,
A stately high Piramides to Reare.
Great *Iulius Cæsar*, was much ouerseene
With *Cleopatra* the Ægiptian Queene:

* Shee was seruant to Æsopus, & fellow to Æsope the Fabulist.

And

And after she insnar'd *Marke Anthony*,
For which they both by their owne hands did dye.
Semiramis plaid the inhumane Trull,
[a] And was enamour'd with a beastly *Bull*:
So did [b] *Pasipha*, but me thinkes'tis strange,
That Queenes so farre from womenhood should range.
Mirha (*Adonis* mother) caus'd her father
The flow'r of her virginity to gather.
If wise *Vlysses*, had not well beene arm'd,
Inchanting *Circes* had his honour charm'd,
When lustfull *Paris* stole the lustfull Punke
Faire *Hellen*, had the Ship that bore them sunke,
Then thirty Kings in peace at home had staide,
Nor *Troy* or *Troians* in their ruines laide,
Faire [c] *Messalina*, a most royall *whore*,
(Wife vnto *Claudius* the Emperour)
The sports of *Venus* in the Stewes did play,
Sometimes full fiue and twenty times a day.
Marcus Aurelius did faire *Faustine* wed,
And she with Whoring did ad-horne his head.
And many Princes and great Potentates,
With *Vulcans* creft haue arm'd their noble pates:
This to the poorest Cuckold seemes a bliss,
That he with mighty Monarchs sharer is,
That though to be cornuted be a griefe,
Yet to haue such braue partners, is reliefe.
These *Whores* & *Whoremasters*, which I haue nam'd,
And thousands more (in Histories defam'd)
With partiall selfe-opinion did approue,
Their sensuallity and Lust was *Loue*.

[a] Queene of *Babylon*, slaine by her sonne, whom she would haue had to haue layne with her.
[b] *Pasipha*, wife to *Minos* King of *Creete*.
[c] *Messalina* and *Faustina*, two Empresses.

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For which they both by their owne hands did dye.
Semiramis plaid the inhumane Trull,
[a] And was enamour'd with a beaſtly *Bull*:
So did [b] *Paſipha*, but me thinkes'tis ſtrange,
That Queenes ſo farre from womenhood ſhould range.
Mirha (*Adonis* mother) cauſ'd her father
The flow'r of her virginity to gather.
If wiſe *Vlyſſes*, had not well beene arm'd,
Inchanting *Circes* had his honour charm'd,
When luſtfull *Paris* ſtole the luſtfull Punke
Faire *Hellen*, had the Ship that bore them ſunke,
Then thirty Kings in peace at home had ſtaide,
Nor *Troy* or *Troians* in their ruines laide,
Faire [c] *Meſſalina*, a moſt royall *whore*,
(Wife vnto *Claudius* the Emperour)
The ſports of *Venus* in the Stewes did play,
Sometimes full fiue and twenty times a day.
Marcus Aurelius did faire *Fauſtine* wed,
And ſhe with Whoring did ad-horne his head.
And many Princes and great Potentates,
With *Vulcans* creſt haue arm'd their noble pates:
This to the pooreſt Cuckold ſeemes a bliſs,
That he with mighty Monarchs ſharer is,
That though to be cornuted be a griefe,
Yet to haue ſuch braue partners, is reliefe.
Theſe *Whores* & *Whoremaſters*, which I haue nam'd,
And thouſands more (in Hiſtories defam'd)
With partiall ſelfe-opinion did approue,
Their ſenſuallity and Luſt was *Loue*.

[a] Queene of *Babylon*, ſlaine by her ſonne, whom ſhe would haue had to haue layne with her.

[b] *Paſipha*, wife to *Minos* King of *Creete*.

[c] *Meſſalina* and *Fauſtina*, two Empreſſes.

When as the ods is more then day from night,
Or fire from water, blacke from pureſt white.
The one with *God*, one with the *Deuill* doth dwell,
Loue comes frō *heauen*, and luſt doth ſpring from *hell*:
But the old Prouerb, ne're will be forgot,
A Leachers loue is (like *Sir Reuerence*) hot.
And on the ſuddaine cold as any ſtone,
For when the luſt is paſt, the loue is gone.
But loue is ſuch a bleſſing from on hie,
Whoſe zealous feruency can neuer dye,
It out-liues life, and the aſcending flame
Mounts to the God of *Loue*, from whence it came.
Luſt made * *Seths* ſonnes, with fornication vaine,
Ioyne with the daughters of accurſed *Caine*.
And the world ſuffred, for their fornication
Depopulation, by the inundation.
And twenty and foure thouſand *Iſraelites*
Dyde for this ſinne amongſt the [a] *Midianites*.
For the not puniſhing this fact (almoſt)
The Tribe of [b] *Beniamin* were ſlaine and loſt.
May this be call'd loue, then call vertue vice,
And euery bawdy houſe, a Paradice.
If luſt were loue, it would not like a Wolfe,
Drowne Louers hearts in Deſperations Gulfe,
A Theban, [c] *Hemon*, himſelfe madly kill'd,
On his to deere deeres Tombe his heart blood ſpild,
For *Phaon* (a poore Watermans ſweet ſake)
Faire *Sapho* from a rocke, her [d] neck ſhe break.
Pheadra for her *Hippolitus*, they ſay,
Did hang her ſelfe, and make a Holly-day.

And

* Geneſis.
Numbers.
Iudge. 19.
6 and 21.
ha 65000.
were ſlaine
of th: Iſrae-
ites and
here re-
mained of
he Benia-
mites only
00.
For *Anti-*
ona the
aughter
f *Oedius*
nd *Iocaſta*.
The more
ole ſhee,
hough ſhe
ere a Poe-
teſſe.

And [e] *Phillis* for [f] *Demophoon* did as much,
I'le neuer loue, if Loues effects be such.
To quench the *Carthaginian* [g] Queenes desire,
She burnt herselfe vpon a pile of fire;
If either *Priamus*, or *Thisby* had
Not beene starke fooles, or else exceeding mad,
The doting, idle misconceiuing Elues,
So desperately, had ne're fore-done themselues.
Thus all the difference betwixt loue and lust,
Is, one is iust, the other is vniust,
Search but in Histories, and men may finde
Examples beyond numb'ring, of this kinde,
How of both Sexes, each estate, and sort
Of people, from the Cottage to the Court,
Haue madly ran this course some hang'd, som drownd,
Burnt, staru'd, & stabd theselues with many a wound,
Or pin'd away like Coxcombs, euer crauing
To haue the thing, that's neuer worth the hauing.
In *Antwerp*, many filthy *Whores* I saw,
That for their Trading were allowde by Law.
And I in *Prague* did see a streete of *Whores*,
An English mile in length, who at their dores.
Did stand and ply (rich clad, and painted rare)
More hard then euer I plyde for a fare.
Th'*Italian* Stewes (to make the Pope good cheere)
Payd twenty thousand Duckets in a [h] yeere.
Besides, they giue a Priest (t'amend his fee)
The profit of a *Whore*, or two, or three,
Me thinkes it must be bad Diuinity,
That with the Stewes hath such affinity,

[e] Shee w
daughter
Licurgus k
of *Thrace*.
[f] Sonne
Theseus.
[g] *Dido*.
Eneas, b
ned her
selfe.

[h] Almos
euery y
a ducket
more t
8. shillin
which
is 8000.

'Tis a mad doctrine Leachery ſhall pay
A Church-mans ſtipend, that ſhould preach & pray.
And in thoſe Stewes, where women are ſo common
In entertaining all, refuſing no man,
Whereas a father with a *Whore* may lye,
Which done, his ſonne his place may hap ſupply,
And then an Vnkle, or a brother may
Succeed each other in that damned play.
For no propinquity, or no degree
Of Kin, that haunt there, that can ſweare th'are free
From this commixion, and which is worſt,
A *Whore* may haue a Baſtard, borne and nurſt,
And growne a woman, and to this Trade ſet her,
May be a *Whore* to him that did beget her.
Or to her brothers, or to all her Kin,
She may be proſtituted in this ſinn.
And therefore to conclude this point, I muſe
That Chriſtian Common-wealthes allow a Stues!
I thinke that Thieues as well allow'd ſhould be,
As *Whores* and *Whoremaſters* ſhould thus be free.
They from the Heathen doe examples bring,
That *Whoring*, is a rare commodious thing,
There was an ancient vſe in *Babylon*,
When as a womans ſtock was ſpent and gone,
Her liuing it was lawfull then to get,
Her carkaſſe out to Liuerie to let.
And *Venus* did allowe the *Cyprian* Dames,
To get their liuings by their bodies ſhames,
Licurgus did a Law in *Sparta* make,
That all men might their Barren wiues forſake:

And

And by the same Law it ordained was,
Wiues might vnable husbands turne to grass.
And the wise *Solon* the *Athenian*,
Allow'd *Whores* to be free for any man.
And though these things the Pagan people did,
Yet Christian gouernments these things forbid.
But there's no Common-wealth maintaines the same,
But where the [a] Pope is Landlord of the game.
The Stewes in *England* bore a beastly sway,
Till the eight [b] *Henry* banish'd them away,
And since those cõmon *Whores* were quite put downe,
A damned crew of priuate *Whores*, are growne,
So that the deuill will be doing still,
Either with publique or with priuate ill.
Thus much for *whoring* I must say agen,
It hath produced many valiant men:
Braue Bastards, haue beene famous Conquerours,
And some great Lords, and Kings, and Emperours.
As *Hercules Ioues* mighty Bastard sonne,
And [c] *Alexander* King of *Macedon*:
Clodouee King of *Fraunce*, from Bastardy,
And *William* Conquerour, from *Normandy*,
These and a number more I could recite,
Besides the vnknowne number's infinite.
And sure that wretched man that married is
Vnto a wife dispos'd to this amiss,
Is mad to wrong himselfe at all thereby,
With heart griefe and tormenting iealousie.
If he hath cause for't, let him then forsake her,
And pray god mend her, or the deuill take her.

a Not in any place but where Romes supremacy is allowed.
b *Anno Regni* 37.
c So sayes *Cornelius Agrippa*, but I finde it otherwaies in Quintus Curtius.

If he hath no cauſe to be iealous then,
He's worthy to be made the ſcorne of men,
Thus cauſe or no cauſe, man himſelfe ſhould arme,
That iealouſie ſhould neuer doe him harme.
The *Nicholaitanes*, to auoyd the paine
Of iealouſie, amongſt them did ordaine,
That all their married wiues, of each degree,
To euery one a common *Whore* ſhould be.
And ſo amongſt them one could hardly finde,
A Cuckold that did beare a iealous minde.
When I but thinke what Sciences, and Arts,
What men and women, full of ex'lent parts,
Forget their functions, lay their vertues by,
And waite and liue, and thriue by Leacherie.
A Poets Art, all other Arts excell,
If he hath skill and grace to vſe it well:
Yet many times 'tis vſ'd moſt baſe and vile,
When it deſcends vnto a bawdy ſtile,
To turne good humane ſtudies, and diuine,
Into moſt beaſtly lines, like *Aretine*;
To ſeeke to merrit euer-liuing Bayes,
For ſordid ſtuffe (like *Ouids* luſtfull Layes.
With falſe bewitching verſes to entice
Fraile creatures from faire vertue to foule vice,
Whoſe flatt'ry makes a *Whore* to ſeeme a Saint,
That ſtinkes like carrion, with her Pox and paint.
Comparing her (with falſe and odious lies)
To all that's in or vnderneath the skies.
Her eyes to *Sunnes*, that doth the *Sunne* Eclips,
Her cheekes are Roſees, (Rubies are her lips)

Her white and red Carnation mixt with ſnow,
Her teeth to orientall pearle, a Rowe,
Her voyce like Muſick of the heau'nly Spheares,
Her haire like thrice refined golden Wires,
Her breath more ſweet then Arromatick drugs,
Like Mownts of Allablaſter are her dugs,
Her *Bracelets*, *Rings*, her *Scarfe* her *Fan*, her *Chaine*,
Are ſubiects to inſpire a Poets braine:
But aboue all her *Smock* moſt praiſe doth win,
For 'tis the Curtaine next vnto her skin.
Her looſe *Gowne*, for her looſer body fit,
Shall be adored with a flaſh of wit,
And from the *Chin-clowt*, to the lowly *Slipper*,
In *Helliconian* ſtreames his praiſe ſhall dip her.
I leaue vnnam'd what is affected beſt,
As 'tis moſt fit, for it maintaines the reſt,
Her thighes, her knees, her legs, her feete, and all,
From top to toe are ſupernaturall.
'Her Iuory hands, with ſaphire veines inlayde,
Which cannot be by mortall Pen diſplayde.
Her ſmile makes cold December Sommer like,
Her frowne, hot Iune with ſhiuering Froſt can ſtrike,
And life and death doth in her lookes abide,
Or many Knaues and Fooles that ſaid ſo lyde.
Her Shapperoones, her Perriwigs and Tires,
Are Reliques, which this flatt'ry much admires,
Rebatoes, Maske, her Busk and Busk-point to,
Are things to which mad men muſt homage doe.
Her Verdingale, her Garters, Shooes and Roſes,
Her Girdle that her waſtfull waſte incloſes.

Not one of theſe but's honour'd with a Sonne,
If the ſaid Poet be but ſet vpon it.
Another ſeekes to winne his Wenches will,
With oyly Oratories ſmoothing skill:

As thus.

Most ineſtimable Magazin of beauty, rare Maiſter-piece of nature, Perfections wonder, and Loues Quinteſſence, in whom the port & maieſtie of Iuno, *the feature of* Citheria, *the wiſedome of* Ioues *Braine-bred* * Girle, *the chaſtity of* Diana, *and the conſtancie of* Lucrecia *haue their domeſticall habitation, who with the* Goddeſſes *are deifide, with the* Graces *graced, with the* Vertues *ſtellifide, with the Muſes honourd, and with the ſenſes admired: vouchſafe dread Empreſſe of my Affections, to pardon the intruſiue boldneſſe of my vntun'd tongue (which was neuer tipt with the Courtly Glaſſe of Adulation) who being the Ambaſſadour of my heart, doth proſtrate my ſelfe and my beſt ſeruices to be diſpoſed of at your great commaunds: and as the Refulgent beames of* Titan *makes purity of obſcurity, ſo one glance or glimpſe of the tranſlucencie of your eyes ſunne-dazeling corruſcancie, will exile all the clowdy vapours of heart-tormenting moody mellancholly; that like an vſurping*

Tyrant

* Palas.

Tyrant hath Captiuated your humble ſuppliant, thus feruently to Implore your Clemency.

Heere's a ſweete deale of ſcimble ſcamble ſtuffe,
To pleaſe my Lady *Wagtayle*, (marry muffe)
Gep with the *Grinkcomes*, (but I ſpeake too late)
This kinde of flatt'ry makes a *Whore* take ſtate,
Growes pocky proud, & in ſuch port doth beare her,
That ſuch poore ſcabs as I, muſt not come neare her.
Thus may ſhe liue, (much honour'd for her Crimes)
And haue the Poxe ſome twelue or 13. times,
And ſhee may bee ſo bountifull agen,
To ſell thoſe Poxe to three or foureſcore men,
And thus the Surgeons may get more by farre
By *Whores* and Peace, then by the ſword and warre.
And thus a *Whore* (if men conſider of it)
Is an encreaſing gainefull peece of profit.
But of all *Whores* that I haue nam'd before,
There's none ſo Cunning as the Citty *Whore*,
Shee hath ſo many ſeuerall ſorts of Bawdes,
To cloake and couer her deceipts and fraudes,
That ſure the Deuill cannot more deuiſe
Then ſhe, to blinde her horned husbands eyes.
One offers Purles to ſell, and fine Bone-lace,
And whiſpers that her Friend's in ſuch a place:
A ſecond offers Starch, and tels her how
Her ſweet-heart tarries for her at the Plowe,
A third ſels Wafers, and a fourth hath Pins,
And with theſe tricks theſe Bawdes admittance wins.

Grinkcomes is an Vtopian worde, which is in Engliſh a P. at *Paris*.

That

That had her Husband *Argos* eyes yet he
By theſe deceiuers ſhould deceiued be,
If all theſe fayle, a Begger woman may,
A ſweet Loue letter to her hands conuay.
Or a neate Laundreſſe, or a Hearbwife can,
Carry a ſleeueleſſe meſſage now and than,
Or if this fayle, her teeth may Ake (forſooth)
And then the Barbar muſt come draw a Tooth.
Or elſe ſhe may be ſicke (vpon Condition)
That ſuch a Doctor may be her Phyſition,
He feeles her pulſes, and applies his trade
With Potions which th'Apothecary made,
All's one for that, her health ſhe quickly gaines,
Her Husband payes the Doctor for his paines.
But of all Bawdes, Golde is the Bawde indeed,
It ſeldome ſpeakes but it is ſure to ſpeed:
It can blinde Watches, open bolts and lockes,
Breake walles of Stone, as hard as Marble rockes:
Make Iron barres giue way, and Gates fly ope,
Giues Luſt the reynes to run with boundleſſe ſcope.
Kills Iealouſie, appeaſes Riuals, and
Doth what the owners will or can Command,
And laſt of all it ſtops the biting iawes
Of the iuſt rigorous, and ſeuereſt Lawes.
I therefore ſay, he that hath Golden pelfe,
Hath a good Bawde, if ſo he pleaſe himſelfe,
Thoſe that hath Gold, can want no Bawds or Queans
Except they vſe a meane, to guide their meanes.
To end this point, this conſequence Ile graunt,
Thoſe that haue Golden Bawds, no *Whores* can want.

And

And though the mighty power of *Golde* be ſuch,
Yet *Siluer* (many times) can doe as much:
Thus euery wealthy *Whoremaſter* may beare
His *Bawde* in's purſe, or pocket any where.
For mine owne part, I liue not in ſuch want,
But that I eate and ſleepe, though Coyne be ſcant:
And cauſe I want the *Bawde* I nam'd before,
By Conſequence I needs muſt want the *Whore*.
And wanting of them both, I hope to be
From *Gowtes*, *Pox*, and extortion euer free.
But as there's wondrous difference in mens meate,
So is the ods of *Whores* exceeding great:
Some *Rampant*, & ſome *Couchant*, and ſome *Paſſant*,
Some *Guardant*, & ſome *Dormant*, and ſome *Creſſant*,
Some *Pendant*, ſome (a Pox on't) but the beſt on't,
A priuate *Whore*, trades ſafely, there's the Ieſt on it.
Beſides, as *Whores* are of a ſeuerall cut,
So fitting Titles on them ſtill are put:
For if a Princes loue to her decline.
For manners ſake ſhee's call'd a *Concubine*:
If a great Lord, or Knight affect a *Whore*,
She muſt be tearm'd his Honours *Paramore*,
The rich Gull Gallant call's her *Deare* and *Loue*,
Ducke, *Lambe*, *Squall*, *Sweetheart*, *Cony*, and his *Doue*:
A pretty *Wench* ſhe's with the Countrey-man,
And a *Kinde Siſter* with the Puritane,
She's a Prieſts *Lemman*, and a Tinkers *Pad*,
Or *Dell*, or *Doxy* (though the names be bad)
And amongſt Soldiers this ſweet peece of Vice
Is counted for a Captaines *Cockatrice*.

A ſcraping miſerable father, that cares not how he get Golde to leaue it to a Whoremaſter his Son, is his Sons prouident Bawd.

And

But the mad Rascall, when he's fiue parts drunke,
Cals her his *Drab*, his Queane, his *Iyll*, or *Punke*:
And in his fury 'gins to Rayle and Rore,
Then with full mouth, he truely cals her *Whore*,
And so I leaue her, to her hot desires,
'Mongst *Pimps*, and *Panders* and base *Aple squires*.
To mend or end, when Age or Pox will make her
Detested, and *Whoremasters* all forsake her.

A Comparison betwixt a Whore *and a* Booke.

ME thinkes I heare some Cauillers obiect
That 'tis a Name absurd and indirect,
To giue a Booke the Title of a *Whore*,
When sure I thinke no Name befits it more.
For like a *Whore* by day light, or by Candle,
'Tis euer free for euery Knaue to handle:
And as a new *Whore* is belou'd and sought,
So is a new *Booke* in request and bought,
When *Whores* waxe old and stale, they're out of date
Olde Pamphlets are most subiect to such fate.
As *Whores* haue Panders to emblaze their worth,
So these haue Stationers to set them forth.
And as an olde *Whore* may be painted new
With borrowed Beauty, faire vnto the view,
Whereby she for a fine fresh *whore* may passe,
Yet is she but the Rotten *whore* she was.
So Stationers, their olde cast Bookes can grace,
And by new Titles paint a fresh their face,

Where-

Whereby for Currant they are paſt away,
As if they had come forth but yeſterday.
A *Booke* is Dedicated, now and than
To ſome great worthy, or vnworthy man:
Yet for all that 'tis common vnto me,
Or thee, or he, or all eſtates that be,
And ſo a man may haue a *Whore* (forſooth)
Suppoſing ſhe is onely for his tooth,
But if the truth he would ſeeke out and looke,
She's common vnto all men like a Booke.
A *Booke* with gawdy Coate, and ſilken ſtringes,
Whoſe inſide's full of Obſceane beaſtly thinges,
Is like a *Whore*, Comparíſon'd and trap'd,
Full of Infection, to all miſchiefe apt.
As one *Whore*, may be common vnto any,
So one *Booke*, may be Dedicate to many.
And ſure I ſay, and hope I ſpeake no ſlaunder,
To ſuch a *Booke*, the *Poet* is the Pander.
He proſtitutes his Muſe to euery one,
Which ſhould be Conſtant vnto one alone,
This is a kinde of Bawd'ry vile and baſe,
Kils bounty, and is Poetryes diſgrace.
And leaſt they ſhould be loſt it is ordain'd,
That *Bookes* within a Library are Chain'd,
So he that to himſelfe will keepe a *Whore*,
Muſt Chaine her, or ſhe'le trade with forty more.
As *Bookes* are leafe by leafe oft turn'd and toſt,
So are the Garments of a *Whore* (almoſt)
For both of them, with a wet finger may
Be folded or vnfolded, Night or day.

More-

Moreouer 'tis not very hard to proue,
That *Bookes* and *Whores* may Riuals be in Loue,
(To purchaſe mens diſpleaſure I am loth)
But ſure good Schollers ſtill hath lou'd them both.
Some *Bookes* haue their *Errataes* at the laſt
That tels their Errors and offences paſt.
So many great *Whores* did in ſtate ſuruiue,
But when Death did their hatefull liues depriue,
Their *faults eſcap'd* and their *Errataes* then
Hath beene made manifeſt and knowne to men.
Some *Bookes* and *Whores* to wicked purpoſe bent,
Doe, for their faults receiue one puniſhment.
As *Bookes* are often burnt, and quite forgotten,
So *Whores* are ouerſtew'd, or roſted rotten.
Experience ſhewes that *Bookes* much knowledge (brings,
And by experience *Whores* know *many Things.*
And as true Iuſtice, all mens loſſe repaires,
So *Whores* doe giue to all men what is their's.
Terence ſhe learnes, yet will ſhe much Rebuke vs
If we doe play the part of true *Eunuchus.*
As *Bookes* prophane, or elſe Hereticall,
Or ſcurrilous, non ſence Sciſmaticall,
Peruerts mans Iudgement, and his ſoule pollutes,
Such are all *Whores*, and ſuch will be their Fruites.
Some Slouens ſoyle a *Booke* in little ſpace,
And ſlauer it, and ſo the Leaues deface:
And ſome againe will take a cleanly courſe
To reade it dayly, yet 'tis neuer the worſe.
So ſome men vſe a *Whore*, when once they haue her,
They'le touze and teare, and beaſtly all beſlauer.

When

When Forty neat *Whoremaſters* might haue play'd
And vſde her, and ſhe ſtill be thought a Mayde.
He that doth Read a *Booke* he likes, would be
Alone, from any Interruption free,
And he that with a *whore*, would toy or lye,
I thinke deſires no other Company.
When *Bookes* are wet, their beauty's gone or ſoyl'd,
So, waſh a *whore*, and all her paintings ſpoyl'd,
And as an olde *whore* (ſpight of Paint or cloathing)
Falls at the laſt, the obiect of mens loathing,
Scorn'd and vnpittyed, and to finiſh all,
Dyes in a Ditch, or in an Hoſpitall.
So Pamphlets, and ſome workes of writers Graue
Are vſde much worſe then *whores* by many a Knaue.
Who ne're regards the matter or the price.
But teare like Tyrants, to wrap Drugs or Spice,
Or which is worſe in Priuy matters vſe them.
Or worſt of all, like Roarers they abuſe them,
When as they Rend good Bookes to light and dry
Tobacco (Englands bainefull Diety).
And 'tis a thing I ne're thought on before,
A * *Booke's* examin'd ſtricter then a *whore*.
There's not a Sheet, a Leafe, a Page, a Verſe,
A worde, a ſillable, or letter (ſcarce)
But that (Authority) with Iudgements eye,
Doth diligently looke, and ſearch, and pry,
And gage the ſence, and firſt will vnderſtand all
Leaſt in a Phraſe, or word, there lurck a ſcandall.
And my poore *whore* in this hath not bin ſpar'd,
Her skirts were curtayld, and her nayles were * par'd.

* Now a-dayes.

* She wold haue ſcratched elſe.

All's

All's one for that, though she such vsage had,
She's not left naked, though not richly clad,
I knew she must be question'd and I say,
I am right glad she scap'd so well away.
And should all *whores* of high and lowe Degree,
(As *Bookes* are) to account thus called be,
The Whorish number would waxe very small,
Or else men neuer could examine all.
This Booke my *Whore*, or else this *whore* my Booke,
(Shee beares both Names, so neither is mistooke)
Respects not all her enemies a straw,
If she offended, she hath had the Law,
She was examin'd, and she did Confesse,
And had endur'd the torture of the Presse:
Her faults are Printed vnto all mens sight,
Vnpartially declar'd in blacke and white,
And last in *Pauls* Church-yard, and in the streets,
She suffers Pennance vp and downe in Sheets.
And if all *Whores*, to doe the like were made,
A *Linnen Draper* were the richest Trade.
If any *Whore* be honester then mine is,
Ile write no more but stop my mouth with-

FINIS.

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